PROGRAM

—OF THE—

Union Farewell

MISSIONARY SERVICE

—ON—

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1887,

—IN—

THE PARK BAPTIST CHURCH.

Held on the Occasion of the Departure for India of our young brethren

LAFLAMME AND DAVIS,

Under the Auspices of the Young People of the three Baptist Churches of the City of Brantford.

With wisdom from on high ?

A TELOOGOO IDOL--FULL SIZE.

Can ye to men benighted
The lamp of light deny ?

PROGRAM.

1. *HYMN,—"All hail the power of Jesus' Name."*.....
2. *PRAYER*,.....
3. *SCRIPTURE READING*,.....*Mr. Cook*
4. *HYMN,—"Tell me the old, old story,"*.....
5. *ADDRESS—(15 minutes)*,.....*Rev. J. McLaurin*
6. *HYMN,—"To the work, to the work."*.....
7. *ADDRESS—(10 minutes)*,.....*Mrs. Timpany*

COLLECTION.

1. *SOLO,—"Come unto him,"*.....*Miss Foster*
2. *ADDRESS—(20 minutes)*.....*Mr. Davis*
3. *HYMN,—"Blest be the tie that binds,"*.....
4. *SOLO—(Selected)*.....*Miss Snider*
5. *ADDRESS—(20 minutes)*,.....*Mr. Laflamme*
6. *HYMN,—"Shall we gather at the river"*.....

BENEDICTION.

Mr. F. Simmons, Chairman.

1887. Baptist

HYMNS.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song;
And crown Him Lord of all.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

To the work! to the work! we are servants of God;
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, Let us watch,
And labor till the Master comes.

To the work, to the work! let the hungry be fed,
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free."

To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be,
In loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free."

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quivee
With the melody of peace.

Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the Old. Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love!

Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin,
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

(Expositor Print.)